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A Sketch of the

Kinkadee

Family

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A Sketch of the
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Family

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Kirkade, John H.

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"A Sketch of the Kirkade Family"
Maryville, Ohio, 1901.

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A SKETCH OF THE KINKADEE FAMILY

By John H. Kinkadee, Marysville, Ohio, 1901

Our Ancestors

"Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruined gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore;
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar
Bold following where your fathers led."

Preface

Commendable pride in honorable ancestry is sufficient inducement for the investigation thereof, and also for the transmission of the record thereof to one's descendants.

It is to be hoped that this record, obtained after years of labor with much painstaking care and expense, may receive the consideration to which it is justly entitled. At least the labor involved merits future preservation for the benefit of those who will appreciate it.

It has been the aim of those preparing this record to give only facts and correct dates. Wherever the opinion or conclusions of the writer are given, the context will so indicate.

License is hereby given to any descendants to add to these pages any further information that may be procured.

Confident of a kind reception from all interested, we submit this sketch to our ancestors. "They Scotia's race among them share."

John H. Kinkadee
Marysville, Ohio. Dec., 25, 1901

"At Wallace's name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace's side
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod.
Or glorious dy'd."

It was a' for our rightfu' King,
We left fair Scotland's strand:
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,--
We e'er saw Irish land.

The Kinkades in Ireland and Scotland

The Kinkades originally inhabited a parish in the southern part of Scotland. About 1610, King James 1st, of England confiscated more than half a million acres in the north of Ireland--thus the north part of Ireland was made a part of the crown of England. King James determined to settle these district colonies with people from England and Scotland.

The lands were divided into portions of 2,000, 1,500, and 1,000 acres according to the capacity of the individuals. The order of Baronetage was instituted by King James and this title conferred to the recipients of these plantations. Each who received this

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title of Baron was forced to pay the crown a sum sufficient to support 30 men for the space of three years to defend the settlement.

This immigration from England and Scotland was encouraged and enforced by the crown. It was at this time that our ancestors went from Scotland to Ireland. John Thompson Kinkade (E-3), of Auburn California in discussing this question says: "In the reign of King James, a part of the clan were sent to Ireland. The fact that the designation on the Kinkade coat of arms means 'head of a hundred', or 'head and front of battle', might bear out the belief that the head Kinkade in Ireland was one of King James' Barons."

However this may be, whether they went to Ireland under royal favor or otherwise, they went during this reign. From the statement that "a part of the clan" went to Ireland, we would infer that some still remained in Scotland, and this is probably true as there is a "Lord" of that name in Scotland to this day. As to the fortune and misfortune of the Kinkades in Ireland, we have no account, but we can safely assume they suffered in common with the other inhabitants of that unfortunate isle. During this time--1610 to 1790, Ireland was in a state of turmoil as indeed it was from the first English interference until a much later date. The political intrigues, the rapacity of the crown officers, the jealousy among the unceasing persecution between Catholicism and Protestantism, the unsettled business conditions and unproductive farming, the frequent wars, all produced a period whose strange vicissitudes, extraordinary changes and dreadful calamities are unequalled in the annals of any age or nation. No wonder great numbers left Ireland for America.

The greater part of the nobility and gentry sought an asylum in foreign lands. Among these was John Kinkade, the first John of whom we have a record. About the middle of the 18th century discouraged by the prospects in the north of Ireland, he left his estate and transplanted our family from unfortunate Ireland to the growing New World. Of course we believe he was a man of excellent judgement and fully approve of this move of his.

It has long been a tradition in the family that John Kinkade left an estate and title. It was also a family custom, faithfully followed without a break until this generation, that the oldest sons should be named alternately, John and James. Whether this custom existed prior to this first John we can not tell. Nor can we say why it is a custom--whether this first John enjoined it upon his descendants as a custom of the family, or whether it was followed with an eye to the estate and title or whether the descendants simply drifted into the custom, we can only guess.

There is not now, nor will there be in the future, any possible chance of any descendants coming into possession of either this title or estate--whether the title be high or low degree or whether the estate be large or small. If you want an estate or title, you must win it for yourself. "He who would wear a spur must win it." This is the conclusion of one who is versed in law and in possession of such facts as are obtainable, and who would himself be in line for any benefit to be derived therefrom. If you want to think yourself descended from the nobility, you can safely indulge yourself. Even if you go as far as some of your ancestors and claim royal blood, you will violate no law, nor rule thereby. There is no doubt that the strain is of noble blood. This is shown by the lives of all the Kinkades, past and present, as far as known, they are honorable and upright.

The First Kinkade in this country

John Kinkade brought with him to America, his wife and two children. He was from near Belfast, and his wife Jane, from County Down. The children of this worthy couple were cousins to Sir Walter Scott. We may therefore conclude that in our veins courses the same blood as that of Sir Walter Scott, whose stories we love to read--some of our children may be literary giants. Indeed we have evidence of some ability in that line among our near relatives. Any descendant has full licence to develop this literary ability to any degree.

John Kinkade, the first, settled in Philadelphia, where the family resided until 1779. When quite an old man, the family moved to Brooke County, Virginia (now West Virginia), near Holidays Cove. John Kinkade (B-2), had 13 children. The six who grew to maturity were two sons, James (C-1) and John (C-2) and four daughters; Hannah (C-3), Nancy (C-4), Elizabeth (C-5), and the youngest Margaret (C-6).

John (C-2), settled and left descendants in Kentucky. He moved from Virginia to Fleminger, Mason County, Kentucky, and settled on "Cabin Creek" fifteen miles from Marysville. He stayed there a number of years. He then went to Illinois with his father. Both he and his wife died in Illinois. His children then all came back to Kentucky where some of their descendants are prominent people.

Hannah Kinkade (C-3), married Daniel Johnson and settled in Ohio. Nancy Kinkade (C-4), married a man by the name of Kennedy. They lived in Ashtabula County, Ohio. She had a son, Samuel Kennedy. Of them, we have no additional definite history.

Elizabeth Kinkade (C-5), married David Davis and settled in Green Co., Ohio, near Jamestown. She was drowned by the upsetting of a skiff in the Ohio river in the year 1820, while returning from visiting relatives in Kentucky--presumably her brother's family. She had a son, James Kinkade Davis. It is not known if there were other children. The son, James Kinkade Davis (D-14), was born in 1808 and lived to the age of 90 years. He married and had two children. One of them was David Davis (E-20) who was named for his grandfather. He now (1901) resides at Jamestown, Ohio and has two sons, also residing at Jamestown. The daughter of James Kinkade Davis was named Elizabeth (E-21), after her grandmother. She married Daniel Taylor and resides at Jamestown, Ohio. Her son lives there also. Elizabeth Kinkade Davis (C-5) had a daughter. The daughter married James Adair.

The youngest child of the original family, Margaret Kinkade (C-6), never married. She was known far and near among her relatives as "Aunt Peggy". She was a woman of strong character and beloved by all. She is buried in the "Kinkade Cemetery" on Blues creek, about four miles north of Marysville, Ohio. She was 75 years old when she died on April 19, 1850.

James Kinkade (C-1), the eldest son of the original John Kinkade, was the first James of whom we have any record. He was the second Kinkade in America in direct line. He was probably born in Ireland on the "Kinkade Estate", but may have been born near Philadelphia in the year 1761. He died near Holidays Cove, Brooke County, Virginia, on November 13, 1812 on the Kinkade farm. He is buried in Cross Creek cemetery. This is the place that all the Kinkades who died in that vicinity are buried. About 1812, he was getting ready to go to Ireland to claim the "Estate and Title" when he became ill and died. The order in which the children are given may not be the order of their birth. We know positively that James was the eldest son and Margaret was the youngest child.

James Kinkade (C-1) was married in Philadelphia to Nancy Taylor in 1790. Nancy was of the same stock of Taylors as General Zachary Taylor. The Taylors were of Scotch descent and it is probable that they came directly from Scotland to America. Nancy was born on May 12, 1769 at a point about six miles from Philadelphia (probably now within the city limits). Her youngest child, a son, in writing of her says: "She was a woman of the best information of things in general that I have ever met. This was particularly true in regard to the Bible and the facts contained in the Bible." She was known as quite a superior woman according to people who knew her. She was a daughter of George Taylor and wife. She died in Union County, Ohio, in 1842 at the age of 73. She is buried in Delaware County, Ohio. Her father, George Taylor married her mother, Eleanor Thompson on September 3, 1754. Her father was supposed to have been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She had a brother, George Taylor, born October 19, 1757, and Robert Taylor.

James Kinkade (C-1) and his wife Nancy Taylor Kinkade had ten children--six boys and four girls. They were: John Milton Kinkade (D-1), born April 4, 1792; Eleanor Kinkade (D-2), born January 21, 1794; Jane Kinkade (D-3), January 4, 1796; Mary Ann Kinkade (D-4),

was born March 26, 1798; George Kinkade (D-5), was born April 25, 1800; Robert Kinkade (D-6), was born October 25, 1801; Ruthanna Kinkade (D-7), was born January 18, 1804; James Kinkade (D-8), was born April 19, 1806; George Kinkade (D-9), was born December 21, 1808; Eleazer Kinkade (D-9), was born February 25, 1811.

The first three of these children were born near Philadelphia. The father, James (C-1), and the mother with these three children "came west" in 1797 to what is now called West Va., about 6 miles from Steubenville, Ohio. The rest of the children were born in Brooke County. Most of the Kinkades are buried in this neighborhood, then known as the Cross Creek church and now known as the Tent Church.

In 1797, the Kinkades located near Holliday's Cove, in what is now Brooke County, West Virginia. Holliday's Cove is situated on Harmon's Creek about three or four miles from where this creek empties into the Ohio River. The Kinkade homestead is up Harmon's Creek about three miles. It is back up the hills along the creek from what is now Colliers Station--one mile from the summit of the hills. It was here that the brothers John (D-2) and James (C-1) purchased 270 acres from the heirs of John Lee Webster, who held the patent on the land. The purchase price was 101 pounds and five shillings.

On April 26, 1802, John and James conveyed to William Adams, the north half of this tract of land for \$742. In 1803, James Kinkade secured a patent for a small tract of the adjoining land. This land continued as the Kinkade and Adams homesteads until sold by the heirs. The Kinkade homestead was sold to James Marsh. The Adam's homestead was sold to J. G. Criss, whose heirs still own the land (1901).

James Kinkade by his will which was dated October 9, 1812, left his wife Nancy, the one-third of the real estate for use during her life and one-third of all the personal property. To his son John (D-1) he left forty acres to be delivered after one year, provided: "he lives with the family and is careful and industrious during the term of that year and makes no charges for his work." He was also given the black mare, the best saddle with the big plover, one pair of horse gears, an axe, and one-fourth of the fall grain that was growing.

The will gave to his daughter Eleanor (D-2), one bed and bedding, one colt, one heifer, two sheep, and a new saddle. To his daughter Jane (D-3), he gave equal property to that given Eleanor as to quality and quantity. To his daughter Mary Ann (D-4) and Ruthanna (D-7) he gave each \$79. The remainder of his estate was to be divided among his four youngest sons--the whole was to be at the disposal of his wife during her widowhood, for the maintenance of her family and the schooling of her children. This estate as enumerated indicates that he was a well-to-do farmer. It included wagons, plows, horse-gear, pack saddles, men's saddles, and women's saddles, wheat, oats, rye, corn, hay, flax, ten horses, a number of hogs, geese, cows, sheep, potatoes, turnips, a loom and spinning wheels, rifle, dresser, several bedsteads, woolen yarn, flax seed and a large number of small articles.

John Kinkade (D-1) married Isabella Adams on February 4, 1819. They lived and died in Brooke County, Virginia. John died on January 28, 1826 at the age of 34. Isabella died on February 24, 1826 at the age of 28. Their death was due to typhoid fever. They left three small children. The youngest, John Thompson Kinkade (E-3), was only 4 days old when his father died and one month old when his mother died.

Eleanor Kinkade (D-2), married William Abraham on May 9, 1815 and came to Union County, Ohio, settling on Blue's Creek, where she died January 25, 1850, at the age of fifty-six years. Her husband died on September 12, 1860 at the age of seventy-two. Their descendants still live in Logan County, Ohio in the vicinity of Bellefontaine.

Jane Kinkade (D-3), married James Stoen on December 17, 1816, and went to Bellefontaine, Ohio. She died there April 14, 1855. Her descendants still live in that vicinity.

George Kinkade (D-5) died in infancy.

Mary Ann Kinkade (D-4), married Hoge Lee of Delaware County, Ohio on Feb. 1, 1821. She died on March 2, 1836.

Robert Kinkade (D-6), married Sarah Stansberry on March 8, 1827.

Hubnah Kinkade (D-7), married Thomas McCarrell on April 22, 1828. She died on February 11, 1829 at the age of twenty-five. She left a baby daughter Ruthana Jan McCarrell, who resided at Eldersville, Pennsylvania. After the untimely death of his wife, Thomas McCarrell married Elizabeth McComb--March 31, 1840. They had six children. Thomas died on November 20, 1877.

James Kinkade (D-8), married Mary Elliott on February 22, 1827.

George Kinkade (D-9), the second in the family to bear that name, died on January 17, 1826 at the age of 17 years.

Eleazer Kinkade (D-10), married Hannah Lyons on February 6, 1834 and went to Iowa. He died in Chicago, Illinois.

The children of John Kinkade (D-1), and his wife Isabella Adams were Isabella (E-1), James (E-2), and John Thompson Kinkade (E-3). Isabella (E-1), was born August 19, 1820. In February of 1837, she married Robert Cunningham. She had two children. John Thompson Cunningham and Isabella who married Thomas Reeves and resided in Missouri. Isabella died May 3, 1846.

James Kinkade (E-2), was born May 13, 1822. He married Hannah Cassill on June 3, 1845. He died October 31, 1877.

John Thompson Kinkade is still living in Auburn, California (1901). He was born January 25, 1826 and married Ann G. Turner on May 15, 1853. Ann died January 6, 1888. One son survives from that marriage. There is another son from a second marriage.

SAGA OF PIONEER JOHN THOMPSON KINKADE (E-3)

John Thompson wrote a letter from Camp at Independence Missouri. This seemed to be headquarters from which all '49ers organized and started west for California:

April 26, 1849. The town is full and the surrounding country for the distance of three to four miles is full of wagons, men, oxen, mules and weapons. General peace now prevails--but in the last ten days three or four persons have been killed. In the camps there is singing, fiddling, dancing, etc. Trains are leaving every day. One long-eared train left today with fifty men, 172 mules. The mules are led but have a rope 40 feet long tied to their necks and left to drag on the ground. The mules carry 180 pound each. We expect to remain here for a week and then join a company. The companies are organized and fitted out at Independence very reasonably now. In addition to the things listed by G.A. Cassil, we have one yoke of oxen and other article worth \$50 to \$100. I am a good ox driver; Cassil a good cook.

April 26. Arrived at Blue River. Here were thousands of persons forming into groups for protection along the route.

April 31. Companies are starting promiscuously and annoying us Union County boys. The first day was unpleasant. Arrived at Lone Elm, a large elm standing far out on the plain, like an exile. About 300 were camped here. We formed into a company of 67 men and 4 ladies and 33 wagons. The leader was Slidger of Canton, Ohio.

May 1, 1849. Arrived at Coon Creek. Some anxiety on part of Cassil and myself. letter.

May 23/ On Platte river 330 miles from Independence. We are moving through open wastes--though romantic. The Platte River is close on our right. The road grows obscure in the distance to the front and the rear. Started out in a company with Slidgers as Captain. We are now a company of 19 wagons and 61 men. Harmony now prevails. Emigrants are countless. No trouble with Indians so far.

May 5. Arrived at Missionary Station in the Pottawattamies district--a noble looking tribe of intelligent Indians. May 6--Crossed Kansas river. May 12--Crossed Vermillion River. May 13--Layover. Sermon by Crist. May 14--all trains striving to be in the lead. Passed two wagon trains. May 18--road becomes sandy and heavy. May 19--Dissatisfaction in train led to separation into two trains. May 21--Samuel Harns appointed captain. May 22--passed Ft. Childs. May 29. Arrived at Sane Bluff. Went on buffalo hunt and got one.

May 31--crossed North Platte. Fording difficult. River 1 1/4 miles wide and 2 1/2 feet deep. June--Left Smith and party. Passed Sioux village. All is peaceful. June 2--Arrived at Ash Hollow. Overtaken by U.S.A. Dragoons. June 3--Arrived at Small Creek. Here we saw the body of an Indian, well secured in a robe and placed in the top of a cottonwood tree in a cavity. At the base of the tree were various hoods which seemed to be emblems of respect for the dead. June 5--Arrived at Courthouse rock--bold and picturesque. Encountered a violent hailstorm in the evening. In the midst of it our attention was attracted to a most frightful hailstorm passing to the south-east. It rent the elements in a manner that threatened inevitable destruction to any impediment in its progress. While contemplating this terrible storm, our attention was called to the Northwest by a rumbling sound of a water spout formed in the Platte river. It was even more sublime and majestic. The whirling was terrible. Truly nature seemed to proclaim that an omnipotent being is monarch of the elements. This spout was about 1/2 mile distant from our camp, and seemed in its height to be about 200 feet from the river. It then descended out of sight and left us.

June 6--Passed Chimney Rock, one of the most conspicuous landmarks that a traveler ever beheld. It is a species of granite and spires that soar to a height of about 400 feet. We had another hailstorm in camp. We were camping without wood or water. June 9--Arrived at Ft. Lorraine, an old adobe station, containing a few men and rusty muskets. June 11--Entered Black Hills after a hard day's journey. Arrived at Elm Creek battle ground (between Sioux and Crow Indians) and found excellent water and grass. June 16--Reached Norman Ferry on North Fork of Platte River. June 18--Crossed river, three per wagon, then up river ford. The water was strongly impregnated with salt of potassium. June 19--Passed over a barren sandy plain without water for thirty miles to a branch of Sweet Water River. June 20--Reached Crooked Creek. Here we found sage growing to the height of ten feet.

June 21--Passed Independence Rock (of hard granite). Here the mind of the pioneer reverts to his native home, where on the fourth of July we joined the dance and general glee of merriment in the enthusiastic shouting in response to patriotic eloquence. But at this rock nothing is heard except the rippling water that flows by its base (sweet water). We continued up this river and passed the Devil's gate or great chasm. Here the water seems to have worn through a solid mass of rocks for about 200 feet in depth.

June 22--Road is very sandy and during this day's journey we see encrustations of Saleratus on the earth. June 23--Cattle bled at the nose. Passed Ice Creek, a low spongy bottom in which ice was to be found in great abundance about two feet below the surface. June 24--Nothing of importance except seeing toads having horns and tails. June 25--Left Sweet Water and ascended the Rocky Mountains. Arrived at Clover Creek. June 26--Remained in camp. Had symptoms of mountain fever. Here two of the party started ahead on foot, anticipating at an early day to realize their golden dream.

June 27--Arrived at Pacific Spring, west of summit of Rockies. Here the traveler may behold the dividing of the waters between the great Atlantic and Pacific oceans. June 28--Moved to junction of the Ft. Hall and Salt Lake roads. June 29--Traveled to a point on the Big Sandy. June 30--Arrived at Green River. It was full and as difficult to cross as Herman Ferry. One of the travelers regrets leaving home--has a fever. July 1--Crossed Green River. July 2--Moved to Humes Port. July 3--Arrived at Black Fork. July 4--Passed Ft. Bridger and Soda Springs. Snow has melted in the night with fever and expects death. July 5--Made little progress today. July 6--Passed Mill Spring. The properties of the oil are healing. After exposure to the sun it resembles a compound of tar and oil. Crossed Bear river and camped on Yellow Creek.

July 7--Crossed mountains to Echo Creek. In following the creek it was necessary to cross and recross the creek nine times. There are as many as nine audible echoes when a pistol is discharged. July 8--Arrived at Webster River. July 9--Crossed Webster River, and then over a mountain to Canyon Creek. Crossed this creek twelve times. July 10--Crossed mountains to Iron Ore R. July 11--Arrived at Mormon City (Salt Lake City) in the Salt Lake valley. Found them thriving and happy. They were bartering garter snails for tea and coffee. The City was bounded on the West by the Salt Lake and on the South by Utah. On the East it is bounded by a high range of mountains, and on the north by a plain of some hundred miles.

July 13--Left Mormon City and arrived at Bear River. July 14--Nothing to report except numerous Hot Springs. July 17--Drove thirty miles without water. Some of the party were exhausted from heat and thirst, but some stewed fruit enabled us to proceed. July 18 and 19--Nothing to report. July 20--Our train subdivided, with a number leaving our party. July 21--Arrived at Steepie Rocks at the union of Fort Hall and Salt Lake roads. July 22--Traveled to a spring. Here found Dr. Riving and other acquaintances. July 23--Reached Goose Creek. July 24--Reached Warm Spring Valley--Numerous warm springs; in the midst a very beautiful warm spring. July 25--Tucuman Spring Valley. A great number of springs in wells. They rise perpendicularly and the depth of many cannot be ascertained.

Up to the 11th of August continued down the Humboldt river. No timber--dry and waste for some distance on either side of road. Near Humboldt Sink the water becomes filthy and the area destitute of grass. The journey down the river is not only unpleasant but very difficult on account of sand and dust. On August 2, emerged from thick growth of willows (enormous and crisp).

August 11--Arrived at sink of this river and stopped to recruit. Area was well filled with emigrants supplying their wagons with grass and water. The sink of this river for several miles is a low marshy region sending forth a nauseous stench. August 12--Sulphur Springs, four miles southwest of the boundary of the sink. Found no grass. The water was watseous and filthy. Rested here for three hours and then entered the desert.

August 14--On the Carson Route. Extremely war. The road is desolate. There are occasional signs of volcanic action. At the rays of sunshine strike the bleached sand of the desert, a reflection may be seen on all sides. It presents in the distance, the appearance of water. During the day, our supply of water became exhausted. The teams began to fail. The roadside was almost covered with carcasses of animals that could not make further progress and lay there. The carcasses of the dead animals created an unsupportable stench, while the moans and creaky teeth of the yet living was enough to move a dragon to pity. Wagons, abandoned by their owners, are to be seen in every direction. About eleven o'clock at night we came to a salt wall and being exceedingly thirsty, drank freely. The only effect was to increase thirst. Took a short stop and then proceeded when within nine miles of the Carson River.

August 17--Rosed--fishing in smilks of plenty. August 18--Continued up the Carson. a beautiful stream abounding with salmon trout. Its banks are lined with cottonwoods. Marks of volcanic action may be seen in the distance. Continued up the river until the 24th of August with luxuriant grass along the way. Arrived at Pass Creek Canyon of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Roads are extremely rough.

John Thompson Kinkade, Placer County, California to James Kinkade (his brother) in Marysville, Ohio. December 2, 1850:

Left the river strapped, hairy. Lost my summer's work. Have some work at the rate of \$100 a month for one month. The Cholera is bad here and has been for some months but is abating. The mines are failing.

January 13, 1850, from Sacramento, California. You know, doubtless, what a life in California is. It is unpleasant enough when fortune smiles and has no feeling irritable and forgetful. When misfortune overtakes us, we feel its pangs most bitterly, especially when the mind rests on the fond hope of enjoying once more the happy visions of youth. But I have to be content with my lot, let it come as it may. I have endured the beating rays of our summer sun and fondly entertained hope of returning home this winter, but was disappointed. Now I will try my fortune again. As much as I think of home, I cannot return without obtaining a single portion of what I came after. I am coming home next winter if I can make any money by that time. I don't intend staying here any longer than I can help. That investment in the river goes like the drops of misfortune. Do not know when I will settle down in life. Do not know when or who I can marry.

I attended an Indian funeral. An infant died on Monday and Tuesday. The tribe all rallied to the scene, which was within a quarter of a mile from where we lived. I went to see, but my feelings were turned to sorrow. A small pit was dug and in it was built a fire. Each one of the tribe furnished a small quantity of fuel and the fire was kindled by a woman. She then took the corpse and slowly paced around the fire (while some of the men were exhorting) for three rounds. Then she laid the corpse upon the fire. It was bound in a blanket and wrapped with beads. Each one of the party then made a noise, some crying, some singing, some exhorting. In short, it was the most tumultuous noise I had ever heard. One stood over the fire waving white feathers, some staves, etc., each one bearing some emblem. One woman was devoted to stirring up the fire--which was being fed with different articles of clothing and beads until the body was consumed. When night came, they had a "bust."

April 1, 1851, Sacramento Valley. Since my last letter, we have had a master of heavy showers in the valley and heavy snows in the mountains. Now in the early part of the spring, the season has been remarkably pleasant. The good weather, together with the great Klamath and Scott river excitement induced thousands to rush into the mountains. About the time the great body had arrived, the snow began and continued to fall for several days. There was great suffering and hard times--even worse than that encountered on the plains--then the golden stores proved to be a humbug. This rendered their situation deplorable. To thing of continuing was very discouraging--to remain would be probable death. The general prospects are not good. Men are running from one place to another in search of the best "diggings." Actually they never find the place they search for. It is probable that the average "take" for this year will not exceed \$1.75 per day. This seems to be a season of low ebb. I am inclined to going below in order to try my speculation. I may return next winter but don't know.

January 11, 1852, "Secret Diggings." It used to be an old saying that "when a poor man went to marry, he was going to starve a woman." Am glad to hear that you are prospering and happy. Would to God that I was with you, but I must live on the hope that ere long (12 months), such may be the case. I am doing well now, making from \$3.00 to \$50.00 a day. There are no gold lumps but there is a considerable amount of gold dust. My claim is better than ever before. Ladies here are more common of late and coming fast. I have sent you a pictorial California paper which was the best Christmas gift I could send conveniently. Business of all kinds is good. This is a flourishing and great state. Its climate and facilities for business are unsurpassed.

June 20, 1852. Waited for a letter from home. If I cannot hear from home, how must hear from me, for I still hold that place in remembrance, however careless I may seem to esteem it by not returning. I must frankly acknowledge that if you were here, I should be perfectly content to remain, in fact more so than to return, for I am falling more in love with California every day. Its climate is hard to surpass, its mineral wealth

creates independance. This, properly restrained by intelligent and moral society which which is fast spreading over the country, make a golden mean. Almost every ravine of any size is laid off in farms, and families are settling on them permanently. All this renders life more agreeable. Won't we have a good time when we all get here. If, among all the fair ones who are coming, I could get a wife, I would be content.

March 20, 1853. For four years I have been wandering up and down through California enjoying the sweets of single-blessedness until I am sick of it. Moreover, I find I am approximating to old bachelorism, which you know is rather a frightful crisis in the age of man. Moreover, I am enshrined at the shrine of love by a young lady late of Boston, Massachusetts to whom I hope to introduce you as a relative. Just when this will be, I cannot now state, therefore I shall shape my calculations to remain some time longer in California. I cannot enumerate her many graces. Suffice it to say that she is of medium height, well formed, pleasant in countenance and disposition, light hair (or brown), fair skin, blue eyes, beautiful teeth, etc. She was twenty years old last February. She is of pious English family of good standing in Boston, named Turner. I do not say she is beautiful, but she is valuable for her moral worth.

March 21, 1853. The evening is dreary and the rain falls fast accompanied by the wild murmuring in the branches of the lofty pines that surround my abode. My mind wanders to home and friends. It is strange that I should kneel at the shrine of beauty and moral worth, late of Boston, who has brought her charms to bear upon the calloused heart of a Californian and is fast soothing him into love's Elysian dream. In my exile shall I not render fortune more agreeable.

July 3, 1853. Indian Valley. We received yours of May. I would have started for home if it had not been my happy lot to have won a wife. But since I have won one after my own heart, I am perfectly content. Ann sends her love. May the Lord bless you.

July 31, 1853. Now if it had not been my destiny to marry, I think I should have got home last spring. But since such is the case, I am more content to stay a little longer, for I have never before known what enjoyment was. Have patience until we come and may the Lord hasten the time. California is the place for a poor man, if he will make up his mind to stay from three to ten years--for it is impossible for a fortune to germinate and grow in one or two years. I have been up and down the scale of fortune several times. At present I am doing tolerably well. Since my union, I am more content with small income which will amount to something in time.

January 21, 1868. Newcastle, Placer County. I have to send you in very sadness, to me most mournful: Our home is left desolate. A mother's voice is no longer heard in our family. My children no longer have a mother to love and counsel. Ann died January 6, 1868 at 8 p.m. Her health has been poor for several months. Edwin, Wendell, Albert and myself will continue to keep house.

September 28, 1869. I was elected Superintendent of Public Schools, Placer County. Led the ticket by the highest number of votes of any one. It is a two year term with a salary of \$1,000 per year. It will not interfere with my law practice.

July 10, Our placer mines are no more and the quartz is fast disappearing.

November 30, 1870. This nearly twenty-one years since I bade farewell to dear friends in Marysville. I have never been really homesick until the receipt of your card this morning. You will please give my dear niece and nephew my blessing. May joy and gladness ever be theirs, surrounding them with a bright halo softening the asperities of life.

May 9, 1901. I will give you a few points of recollection which are photographed in my memory of the incidents of people and places at the old home of your father and myself where our childhood days were spent. The lapse of fifty-three years has doubtless obliterated very many of the landmarks. The topography of the country, of course, remains, but the surface of the country is almost transformed. Holliday's Cove is situated on

Harmon's Creek about three or four miles above where it empties into the Ohio River, and about two and a half miles from the old Kinkade and Adams homestead (your great grandfathers). As I understand it, a branch of the Panhandle Railroad passes up Harmon's Creek to a point probably within a mile of the old Adam's home.

I will commence a description of your route from Holliday's Cove, and as I see the route, it is by wagon road: follow up Harmon's Creek about two miles, then leave the creek, turning to the right and commence the ascent of the hill (one of the chains of foothills of the Allegheny Mountains) and ascend the hill on a steep graded road, then called Egg Hill, a distance of between a quarter and a half mile, to the summit of the hill. The country then spreads out on a beautiful plateau. The first farm is the old Adams homestead. Next was the old Kinkade homestead. The road passed on the line between the two homesteads. I cannot point any landmarks by which you could locate any of those places. The surface of the country, I presume, is radically changed, for coal abounds everywhere. There is also natural gas and petroleum.

My first wife and four children have long since passed to the future world. I have a wife and one little boy. My only sons now living by the first marriage is in the employ of the Wells's Fargo & Co.'s Express and Banking business. We are all enjoying good health now. From April to December of last year, I was afflicted with lagrippe which nearly terminated my career on this planet. My general health is now good for one of my age--sight being my principal trouble.

The past winter has been very mild for California, but owing to the prevalence of north winds, the crops of citrus and other fruits will be nearly a failure. In fact, there is little now in California to invite strangers to come. In point of fact, it is far inferior to the middle and western states for people of limited means.

JOHN THOMPSON KINKADE. Taken from "Representative Citizens of Northern California"
Standard Geneological Publishing Co., Chicago. 1901.

More than half a century has passed since John Thompson Kinkade came to California. He has the honor of being numbered among the '49ers.--these resolute men of determined purpose and high spirit who came here to seek a fortune and bent their energies toward the upbuilding of the commonwealth whose position in the Union is in many respects second to no state that forms the galaxy of the republic.

He was born in Virginia in Holiday's Cove, on the 24th of January, 1823, and is of Scotch ancestry. During the reign of King James, his ancestors suffered persecution in Scotland and were banished to the north of Ireland. Some representatives of the name came to the new world and aided in the early settlement of Virginia. They bore their part in the upbuilding of that colony. When the yoke of British oppression became intolerable, the grandfather of our subject joined the American army, becoming a valliant soldier in the war of the Revolution. For seven years he was at the front and was with Washington and his army of patriots during the memorable winter at Valley Forge, where they suffered hardships almost indescribable. Mr. Kinkade held official rank, and lived to enjoy the peace of the republic, his death occurring in 1847, when he had attained the extreme age of one hundred and eleven years. His wife was a Miss Taylor, a cousin of Zachary Taylor and to their family of nine children John Kinkade, the father of our subject belonged. He was born in Virginia on the old homestead which had been in the family for generations. In his native state he was educated and married Miss Isabella Adams, who belonged to one of the "first families" of the Old Dominion. Her father, William Adams, also served with distinction in the Revolutionary war. He was also the captain of a company of light dragons in the war of 1812. Unto Mr. and Mrs. Kinkade have been born three children. Both the father and mother died of yellow fever, the former at the age of fifty-two and the latter at the age of forty-two.

John Thompson Kinkade, who is the only survivor of the family, was then an infant.

His uncle, E. Kinkade, was appointed guardian of the children and had charge of the estate. Our subject was educated in the schools of Virginia and in Bethany College of that state, but failing health forced him to put aside his text-books and he traveled with his uncle through the western states, after which he resumed his studies in Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, where he graduated in the class of 1844.

Subsequently Mr. Kinkade returned to Virginia and prepared for the legal profession in Wellsburg. In the fall of 1848 he was admitted to the bar and the following year, with a well-armed and equipped company, he crossed the plains to California. Their thirty wagons were drawn by oxen, while the men of the party rode horses and mules. They had numerous fights with the Indians, but their custom on the journey was to place the wagons in a circle at night, then get under them and shoot between the spokes, thus being enabled to keep the Indians off no matter how numerous they were. They were all young men, many of them being expert with the rifle, and the savages soon learned it was safer to let the party alone. They were just four months in reaching Hingtoun, now Flacerville, for they left Missouri on the 1st day of May and on the 31st of August reached their destination.

Like others who had come to California in search of a fortune, Mr. Kinkade turned his attention to mining and followed that business during the greater part of the time until 1869, but he was never very fortunate in his mining operations. At times he made money and again he lost it through unfortunate speculations. His quartz-mining ventures were nearly always attended with failure, but fate had in store for him a prosperous future. In those early days when crime of all kinds was prevalent he never engaged in gambling or other forms of dissipation, and was a representative of that class of worthy citizens who aided in laying the substantial foundation for the present splendid development of the commonwealth. In 1869 he resumed the practice of his profession at Stewart's Flat, then a prominent mining camp, and in 1870 he removed to Auburn, where he has since continued. Although his knowledge of law is comprehensive in various departments, of late years he has confined his practice to those branches of jurisprudence which concern mining interests, land titles and probate law. In no profession is there a greater field or one more open to talent than that of the law, and in no field of endeavor is there demanded a more careful preparation, a more thorough appreciation of the ethics of life, or of the underlying principles which form the basis of all human rights and privileges. Mr. Kinkade's success in his profession affords the best evidence of his capabilities in this line. In no instance does he permit himself to enter the courtroom without thorough preparation, and this has been a salient feature in his professional career.

Although reared in Virginia, Mr. Kinkade became a staunch advocate of the Union when Fort Sumter was fired upon, believing that the south had no right to dispute the supremacy of the national government in Washington, and joined the ranks of the Republican party which stood by the Union during the thrilling hours of the Civil war; and for many years he was active in party work, making effective speeches in the campaigns and doing much to promote its cause. But in 1896 he found his views on financial and other questions out of harmony with the principles adopted in Minneapolis and has since then been independent in political relations. He has long taken a deep interest in educational matters, and for six years he served his county as superintendent of schools. His labors were untiring and very beneficial in upbuilding and improving the free-school system of this county, and the high standard of the schools today may be largely attributed to his influence and labors.

On the 15th of May, 1853, Mr. Kinkade was united in marriage to Miss Ann Green Turner, and they became the parents of six children, but have been called upon to lay part of them away in the burying-ground of the place. Their only surviving son is Edwin Morris, who is now in the employ of the Wells-Fargo Company. In 1868 the wife and mother departed this life, and Mr. Kinkade remained single until October 10, 1893, when he married Miss Nellie Goffney. One child graces this union, Kenneth, who is now five years of age. Our subject has a nice home in Auburn, where he now enjoying the evening of a well-spent life, and comforts that his former toils have brought to him. His tastes and his talents are so generous that there is no subject of great human interest with

which he is unacquainted or to which he has not given sympathetic aid. Companionable, warm-hearted and open-handed, admiration of his masterful abilities is forgotten in the warmer admiration and love of the man.

From John Henry Kinkade of Marysville, Ohio to John Thompson Kinkade of Auburn, California. November 16, 1901.

In the beautiful Indian summer weather of 1901, two brothers, descendants of the original John Kinkade, visited the old hills of West Virginia, to learn what they could of their ancestors and the early place of their abode. A great change had come over the country. What in former years had been the rugged hills and rocks without mark of road or pathway, there is now the great thoroughfare of the Pennsylvania Railroad system. When the Kinkades first settled in Virginia, the nearest point of civilization was Holliday's Cove, about two and a half miles from the Ohio river which was the trading point and post office and communication with the outside world.

The old Kinkade homestead, lies back three or four miles up in the hills, (these hills are the foothills of the chain of the Alleghany Mountains). W, my brother and I, travelled the old road from Holliday's Cove up, up and over up, and along these hills through a desolate looking country, which seemed only canyons and hillsides covered with locusts and pine trees, to where the old Kinkade homestead lies. This point, originally so far from Holliday's Cove and the river side, is now within one mile of Collier, the switching station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in Harmon Valley, on the Harmon's Creek, where the switching track of one of the great Railroads between the east and the west. It is said that two hundred trains a day pass this point, besides, the great amount of the overcharged yards of Pittsburgh is handled here, and shipped to various points east and west.

Collier Station, is on the banks of Harmon Creek and naturally in the valley where the creek runs. The Old Kinkade homestead is back up in the hills seven hundred to one thousand feet above and beyond the railroad tracks, a mile distant. Here beyond these hill tops, the old fashioned country road still exists. Here is the Seceder meeting house, about two miles from the Kinkade homestead. It is now called the "Old Tent Church" --formerly was called the Cross Creek Cemetery--and here the Kinkades that died in this area are all buried. Here in the old Seceder graveyard, we found the tombstones of our great grandfather and his oldest son; our grandfather, our grandmother, as well as some others. Here, much to our disappointment we failed to find the monument of the first Kinkade in this country. Whether he was buried without a stone to mark his last resting place; whether he died at his son John's in Kentucky, or whether he was taken by his loving children back to rest by the side of his wife in the Pennsylvania hills from whence he came; or as some say to the ancestral estate in the north of Ireland, we can only surmise. In this old "Cross Creek Cemetery," the families appear in rows stretching clear across the cemetery. The Kinkades occupy the second row, nearest the church--there being but one row between the Kinkades and the church. In the Kinkade row there seems to be a vacant space with room enough for six or eight bodies. It is said by some of the descendants in this region that this place was left for those of the younger generation who have since moved elsewhere.

It was in this neighborhood, at Eldersville, Pennsylvania, some four miles distant that we met Aulannah McCarrell, who is the great granddaughter of the first American Kinkade, and a cousin of my father. In her childhood, she played with my father James, his brother John Thompson Kinkade and sister Isabella. Her version of the family history was that the first Kinkade was designated as Lord Kinkade. He lived in a castle in the north of Ireland. He had an only son who was of an adventuresome disposition, and sought novelty in the new world. He came to Philadelphia about 1750. He intended to return but here met and married the maiden of his choice. He was so well satisfied with his lot in life that he never returned to the ancestral estate. About 1812, his son James was arranging to go back to Ireland and claim the estate and title--but he took sick and died. His grandson John Milton Kinkade, afterwards did go to Scotland and made

inquiries of gentlemen from the North of Ireland. It was too late, as the estate and title had lapsed to the Crown.

About half way on the road from "Cross Creek Cemetary" to the old homestead (about a mile from the homestead), is the St. Johns Episcopal Church and Cemetary. Here lies buried, our great grandfather, William Adams, whose tombstone shows that he was a hundred year old when he died. There also is his wife, Isabella, who died in 1819 at the age of 51.

Adjoining this cemetary resides Mrs. Eliza Wells Smith, aged 93, one of the old residents of the area. She described our great grandmother Nancy Taylor Kinkade as a very fine woman, with a well-informed mind--tending to be a little fleshy and full-breasted. She ascribes Nancy's son John Kinkade, as a portly man of medium height and fine looking. John and his wife took the fever and died leaving three small children who were taken by his (John's) mother.

Ruhamah McCarrell says that I, (Harry) look like John Thompson Kinkade--have his eyes and look more like Thompson than my own father. She speaks of father as "Little Jimmie." She says that great grandfather James Kinkade was offered five hundred guineas and three hundred acres of land for his interest in the estate in the north of Ireland.

We visited the old Kinkade homestead and drank from the old spring which still flows a strong steady stream of soft water--sweet and pleasant to the taste. There are no landmarks left in the old Kinkade homestead except the spring and the public road. There is a house today where the old homestead used to stand but it has been built in more recent years.

From here we went over to the old Adams homestead. The old stone house in which great grandfather William Adams lived is still standing. The house is now unoccupied, but is in good condition even today. A large stone fireplace in the west end and to the right of it appears to be a small fireplace. There are several springs. There is also a large vein of coal on the hill side back of the old stone house. This is known as Jennie's Coal Bank because William Adams left it in his will to his daughter Jane. There are four veins of coal on the two farms.

We visited George Marsh, who is one of the heirs holding title to the old Kinkade farm. He has possession of all the old deeds. From these deeds, we find that a portion of this land was patented by John Tyler, Governor of Virginia to James Kinkade in 1803. The Original Kinkade and Adams farm consisted of 270 acres which were patented to John Webster by Governor Randolph in 1787. In consideration of 101 pounds and five shillings John Webster conveyed this land to John and James Kinkade in 1802. Later John and James Kinkade conveyed one half of said lands to William Adams. John Kinkade then conveyed his interest in the remaining half to James Kinkade. The Adams had the north half and the Kinkades had the south half. At Wellsburg, the county seat, we found the records of all the old deeds, wills, estates, etc. The will of James Kinkade included an inventory and indicated that he was well-to-do.

In response to the above letter, John Thompson Kinkade of Auburn, California wrote to John Henry Kinkade of Marysville, Ohio on December 6, 1901 as follows:

Your charming letter of November 15 was duly received. It is like a dreamy panoramic view passing before my mind. You have noted with great care and precision the topography and surrounding condition of the high tableland where my childhood days were spent. Except on Harmon's Creek, where complete transformation has taken place, your description pictures the country just as it was fifty-three years ago when I last saw it.

For your forthcoming history of the Kinkade family I suggest a few changes: First: The Kentucky Kinkades were not in our line of genealogy. They came from Scotland direct to the United States and spelled their name with one "K" and a "C".

Second: Ruhamah McCarrell's account of the death of Lord John Kinkade, whose estate was near Belfast, in County Down, Ireland is correct. The estate had been pending in Chancery for about thirty years. At the close of the Revolutionary War your great grandfather Kinkade returned to Belfast to revive proceedings in Chancery but found as you say, it had lapsed to the Crown. He returned home to the old homestead and employed the distinguished lawyer Jeremiah Black of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania who was Attorney General in President Buchanan's administration. Black went to Ireland to revive the proceedings in Chancery if possible. Failing in that move, the estate matter ended.

Third: The senior Kinkade originally settled in Pennsylvania, near the city of Carlisle, where he and his wife's remains were buried.

Fourth: The remains of your great grandfather James Kinkade were buried in the "Cross Creek Cemetery." The tombstone was broken down and never replaced. It was next on the right of your grandfather, John Kinkade. The David Kinkade who witnessed the deed was a nephew of your great grandfather Kinkade. He married a Miss Thompson of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. In fact there have been several intermarriages between the Kinkades and Thompsons.

Your great grandfather had two brothers and one sister. The sister's name was Margaret Kinkade. She died in 1840, aged 102 years. The Taylors you refer to were on your great grandmother's line, her maiden name being Nancy Taylor. She had two brothers, George and William. Your references to the St. Johns Episcopal Church and its cemetery describes it as it was when I saw it. There lies the remains of your great grandfather Adams who died in 1847, aged over 100.

Fifth: Your grandfather, John Kinkade was a commissioned officer under General Jackson in the War of 1812. He enlisted as Captain of a Militia Company then called "Light Horse Cavalry." My mind is not clear as to where Redstock was--probably not far from Carlisle.

1937067

Ruhamah McCarrell, when young, was a very beautiful woman.

The aged Mrs. Smith, nee Wells, was a beautiful young woman and married when I was a little tot. The Strain family were the most intimate neighbors the Kinkades had. In my time the Virginians were chivalrous to a dot. My knowledge of the ascending line of the Kinkades from my father was chiefly obtained from your great aunt, Jane Adams, named in your great grandfather Adams will. She was equal to a walking encyclopedia, had a remarkable memory and made a specialty of family lineages.

Comments by John Henry Kinkade:

First: The Kinkades referred to in this letter are the Lexington, Kentucky Kinkades and is probably correct as to this branch. However, they do not spell their name as indicated, but spell it "Kinkade." Our branch of the family settled near Maysville, Kentucky.

Second: It is doubtful about great grandfather Kinkade going to Belfast to revive proceedings in Chancery--but it is probably true as to his employing attorneys.

Third: As to the burial place of the Senior Kinkade and wife, it is probably correct.

Fourth: The tombstones in Cross Creek cemetery have been replaced and are now in good condition.

Fifth: The Captain John Kinkade of the War of 1812 is a new one to us. We wonder if this could be a mistake as to its being our grandfather. At that time he would be only about twenty years old. However his son ought to know whereof he speaks as to his own father. The Redstock referred to should be "Redstone."

In conclusion, we must say that wherein this letter differs from our foregoing history, we can hardly place the same reliance on the information of Aunt Jane Adams at second hand after fifty years as we do on our own former statements herein which are taken from a letter upon the subject by one of the older generation, to wit: Uncle Eleazer Kinkade. However it goes to show that our uncle John Thomson Kinkade is still clear in his mind and of excellent memory--how we would all love to see and converse with him and discuss this whole history with him.

Our father James Kinkade (E-2), was born May 13, 1828 in Brooke County, West Virginia on the old Kinkade Homestead. His parents died when he was about four years old and the children were taken by their grandmother Nancy Taylor Kinkade. She was a widow and a strong character in our line of ancestors. They continued with her about ten years, or until 1833 when she broke up housekeeping and moved to Delaware County, Ohio. James went to live with his uncle Robert for about two years. They then moved to Logan County, Ohio near Huntsville. Being separated from his grandmother and his brother and sister was a great hardship to this young boy, and he suffered considerably from being homesick. About 1839, he struck out for himself, leaving his uncle Robert's family. He went to Bellefontaine, Ohio and clerked in a store for two years. In April, 1841 he came to Marysville, Ohio. Here he secured a position as clerk in a store of James Ward. In 1842, he formed a partnership with Hugh Lee in a store in Marysville, Ohio. In 1845 he had a store of his own. On June 3, 1845 he took Hannah Cassill as his partner for life in matrimony. In the same year he took in James Alexander as a partner. He sold out in a year or two and soon after formed a partnership with G. A. Cassill. He was Clerk of the Court from 1849 to 1851. In 1849 Philip Snider bought out Cassill's interest in the store and "Snider and Kinkade" were in business until the summer of 1873. At that time Kinkade sold out to pursue a lifelong desire. He bought a farm on the road to Milford Center, about one and a half miles from Marysville. There he lived until his death on October 31, 1870.

James Kinkade was one of the charter members of Marysville Lodge No. 67, I.O.O.F. He was Recorder (Clerk) of Marysville from 1842-50 and also 1860-64. He was a member of the Board of Education and always took a great interest in educational matters. He was a consistent and devoted member of the Presbyterian Church. For several years, he was clerk of the congregation. He was of a kind and gentle disposition and had a public reputation for honesty and strict integrity, such as comes to but few men. He was buried in Oakdale Cemetery at Marysville, Ohio.

After his death, his wife returned to her town property, the family residence bought in their early married life. Here she resided until 1895 when the old homestead was sold to the Methodists who erected thereon their present commodious church building. She still resides in Marysville--honored and respected by all and especially revered by her children to whom she has always been a comfort and a strong factor for good and the betterment of their lives.

They had five children: Mary Ellen, who died in infancy, February 26, 1846; Anna Theresa (F-3) born September 26, 1847; John Henry Kinkade (F-4), born June 29, 1853; James Frederick Kinkade (F-5), born September 12, 1857; Drusilla Isabella Kinkade (F-6), born October 26, 1861.

The eldest daughter Anna was educated in the public schools and graduated at the "Springfield Female Seminary". She married December 1, 1870 to Charles S. Chapman. Her husband has been a very successful business man. He established the "People's Bank" of which he is still President, been very active in the Marysville Fair Association, engaged in farming and raising of fine sheep, is President of the Kinkade & Liggett Elevator Company of Columbus, Ohio. In addition to her social duties, Anna devotes a great deal of time to literature and music and is connected with various organizations concerned with them. She organized and is active in the Young Ladies Home Missionary Society. The Chapmans have three sons.

Drusilla Isabella Kinkade (F-6), the youngest of the family, obtained her education in the public schools of Marysville and in the Ohio State University. She was a teacher in the public schools of Marysville for a time. On January 12, 1898, she married William Malsey Liggett. Her husband is the great genius of the family. This inventive genius has made possible the success of the "Kinkade & Liggett Elevator Company" of Columbus, Ohio in which we all as a family are interested financially and otherwise. Drusilla, as we lovingly call her, is the flower of the flock. In disposition, she takes after her father with her kindly heart, gentle, unselfish and self sacrificing ways.

James Frederick Kinkade (F-5), went through our public schools and graduated with honor at the University of Wooster in 1880. Immediately after graduation he went to New Mexico, where he engaged in mining, cattle raising and mercantile business until 1895 when he returned to Ohio. There he engaged in the manufacturing business in partnership with his brother-in-law, Mr. Liggett. He married Nettie Priscilla White September 27, 1885. They had two children, Frederick White Kinkade (G-4), born September 26, 1886, & Gladys Marie Kinkade (G-5), born September 25, 1887. (Frederick was born July 21, 1886).

John Henry Kinkade (F-4), affectionately called "Harry" and sometimes because of his profession, dubbed "Judge", is the last of these children of James Kinkade. He obtained his education in the public schools of Marysville, Ohio and at "Wooster University" after which he read law with his uncle James W. Robinson and was admitted to the bar on September 7, 1879. He has been clerk of the Presbyterian church; clerk of the town of Marysville and Township clerk; census enumerator; member of I.O.O.F., passed all the chairs and served as Deputy Grand Master of the county; joined the Masons, serving as Secretary and "Master"; was charter member of the Knights of Pythias in Marysville, is a Past Chancellor of the lodge; helped organize the Ohio National Guard; Mayor of Marysville for several terms; President of the School Board of Marysville; has been Secretary of the Board of Trade; admitted to practice in the United States Courts; Superintendent of the Sunday School; head of the County Young Mens' Christian Association; elder in the Presbyterian Church.

John Henry Kinkade was married on June 16, 1880 to Clara Moxley, a cousin of Admiral Dewey. They have five children: James Nathaniel Kinkade, born June 11, 1881; Walter Moxley Kinkade, born July 3, 1882; Alice Kinkade, born July 5, 1884; Robert Cassil Kinkade, born April 2, 1886 and Marie Kinkade, born November 21, 1887. The first and the last died in infancy.

ADDENDA

Sarah Stanbury's father's name was Elisha. He died about 1860. He came from Maryland about 1812. His son John lived on the old place near Holliday's Cove up to 1890.

James Kinkade's (C-1), brother John (C-2) lived about six miles from Philadelphia up to 1797. He went to Brooke County, West Virginia, and then to a point near Marysville, Kentucky--then to Illinois, where he died.

R. T. Kinkade (E-7) son of Robert Kinkade (D-6), lived at Fredonia, Kansas. He was a physician. E. S. Kinkade (E-6), his brother at Mission Ridge, Nebraska has two children--Lois, a daughter aged about 29 and a son Emmert, aged about 22.

The children of Great Uncle Eleazer Kinkade (D-10), are: (1) John Milton Kinkade (D-3) who lived in Denver, Colorado and dealt in fine horses and cattle. (2) Sarah Jane Kinkade (E-10), married B. F. Brown and lived on a farm five miles from Washington, Iowa. She had two children, a boy and a girl. The boy became a minister. (3) Ellen Kinkade (E-13), lived in Kansas. Married a man named Iams and had two children, a boy and a girl. (4) Letitia Kinkade lived in San Francisco, California. She was Principal of the Ladies Department, Custom House. Graduated in 1839 from Iowa College at Grinnell. (5) Mary Ann Kinkade married a Mr. Morcy. They are both graduates of Oswego, New York. They have two daughters. (6) Elizabeth Kinkade died at the age of nine years. (7) Addie Kinkade, the youngest daughter, married Mr. Leonard. There is one daughter who was eleven in 1839.

Her husband died about 1830. (2) William Franklin Kinkade. Died at the age of two years. (9) Robert Reynolds Kinkade, a Judge of the Common Pleas Court, Toledo, Ohio. (10) John Thompson Kinkade (E-14), lived at Omaha, Nebraska. Married and has two boys. (1) James Madison Kinkade (E-18), died years ago. Was a farmer in Kansas. Eleazer's (D-10) wife died March 19, 1838. Eleazer died May 7, 1843.

The Scotch Irish of America. By W. W. Hunter in an article entitled "The Pathfinders of Jefferson County" in volume 6, Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society Publications.

The Covenanters, Cavaliers and Puritans are the great race divisions in the formative period of the Republic; the first being greater in numbers than both the others--more energetic in the forming of the Republic. The Scotch-Irish of America have not been writers, they are only actors. They make history and the Puritans have written history. The Scotch-Irish stand for personal, civil, and religious liberty. They saw beyond the seas in the early half of the 17th century, and in a great measure shaped the destinies of America. They landed principally at the port of Philadelphia. Instead of settling on the sea border, they pushed to the interior, until they formed a line between civilization and the Indians.

From Maine to Georgia, they were the most determined, the most religious, the most persistent men who ever colonized a new country. This line continued to move westward, and was ever on the frontier. They had been born in war, for they had fought for generations for the triumph of peace--and this was their guiding star in America. From this stock came Horace Greely, Robert Bonner, General McClellan, General Grant, Selman P. Chace, General Stark. The "Green Mountain Boys", and General Knox are of this stock.

Washington's Secretary of War--in fact all the members of Washington's cabinet, with the exception of one, were of this blood; so were three of the five first members of the Supreme Court. Benjamin Wade was Scotch-Irish, as was also Daniel Webster; likewise Rufus P. Rancy. Bancroft, the historian, says, "The first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connections with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, nor the Dutch of New York, nor from the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians". Patrick Henry was of this stock as was also General Roger Clark and his soldiers. So were the men on the Patriot side in the battle of "Kings Mountain". Thus, pre-eminently, the Scotch-Irish furnished one of the most important victories of the war, for every subsequent event of the Revolution which led in a measure to the surrender of the British at Yorktown and the close of the war, may be traced to this memorable battle.

From this race came Jackson, Polk, Monroe, Calhoun, and Madison--as well as Rutledge, who Bancroft says was the wisest statesman south of Virginia. Of these people came Allen Trimble, Governor Morrow, Governor Allen was of the same noble people; so was Governor Vance and the ancestors of Governor Shannon, the first native governor of Ohio.

Pennsylvania has given to Ohio no less than a dozen Governors, ten of them were Scotch-Irish. Eleven of the counties are named for Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen. Of the five Presidents born in Ohio, all but Garfield belonged to this race. Of this stock was Robert Fulton, who built the first steamboat on the Ohio River and whose application of this power revolutionized Western communication. So was Cyrus McCormick, inventor of the reaper, of this people--as was Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, Graham, Gray and Bell of telephone fame, Edison and the Westinghouse.

The Puritan people have been given the credit for the ingenuity that made the North Atlantic Coast the work shop of America. But it is a fact that the Puritan ladies were taught to spin on Boston Common by the Scotch emigrants from the north of Ireland. And the great textile industry was given impetus by the invention of the carding and spinning machine by Alexander and Robert Barr, which machine was introduced by a Mr. Orr. The inventor of the spinning machine was of Scotch blood. Gordon McKay invented the sole stitching machine that revolutionized shoe making in New England. Elias Howe, the in-

ventor of the sewing machine, was of Scotch blood. The first iron furnace west of the Alleghany Mountains was erected in 1794 by a Scotchman. John Campbell first applied the hot blast in making pig-iron. Symmes was a Scotchman from New Jersey, as was also Judge Burnett and Judge McLean, the two greatest lawyers of the early west.

The Scotch-Irish looked upon education as the greatest element of power in civilization, and the school house was one of the first buildings erected in a settlement. Dr. John McLean, who organized the first college of the west, that of "Washington and Jefferson" and also established one of the first colleges of Ohio, that at New Athens--the area being settled by Scotch-Irish. Thomas Ewing and Jenn Hunter, both of this blood, were the first graduates, being the first college to alumni in the west. Thomas Ewing was the greatest statesman in Ohio ever had--strong, honest and intellectual. It was in this family that General Sherman was raised.

Miami University was another Ohio Scotch-Irish college. Three Ohio men now deceased, have exercised a far reaching educational influence throughout the country. McGuffey, Day, and Harvey, were of Scotch-Irish blood. So also was Lindsey Murray. Francis Glass, who organized a classical school in the back woods of Ohio in 1817 and wrote the life of Washington in Latin (which was used for years as a textbook), was of Londonderry stock. The public school was really founded by Allen Trimble, after the system inaugurated in New York by Governor Clinton, also of Scotch-Irish blood. The first territorial Governor of Ohio, General St. Clair, was a Scotch. The most noted Indian fighters were of Scotch-Irish blood.

The Generals Ohio gave to command federal troops in the civil war were largely of the Scotch-Irish blood. Of the four civil war commanders-in-chief, Winfield Scott, Grant and McClelland were of this blood--as was Sherman's mother. President Harrison and President McKinley were of this stock. Thomas A. Hendricks, a native of Ohio was also of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish blood. William Jennings Bryan is of the Virginia stock. Senator Hanna, the greatest political organizer of the country came from the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish family. Twelve of the Presidents were Scotch and Scotch-Irish descent. So also was the organizers of the great industrial enterprises; Carnegie, Rockefeller, Pullman, and Armour.

In journalism, no other people have given Ohio greater editors than Richard Smith, Murat Halsted, Washington and John McLean, Whitlaw Reed, Morrow of Cleveland and McClure of Columbus. The lightning press was invented by Scott, Gordon, and Campbell, gave to this race the acme of mercantile ingenuity. Gedi, the Scotchman, invented the process of stereotyping.

In most Ohio counties the first churches were Presbyterian. This alone gives a strong impression of the influence of the Scotch-Irish in Ohio. But the Scotch-Irish are not all Presbyterians. Bishop Simpson, McKee, McKendrick of the Methodist Episcopal church, Col. Johnson, one of the founders of Kenyon college and one of the greatest men of Ohio, Alexander Campbell, are examples of the intellectual prowess of the Scotch-Irish.

It is not claimed that all of the Scotch-Irish are more moral than men of other races. These remarks are not intended to detract from the merits of the Puritan or other races, but to show in part that Ohio is in a measure indebted to the Scotch-Irish in its rise and progress. It is also given so that our children who partake equally of the Puritan blood may have some knowledge of the merits of the good blood of their Scotch-Irish ancestors.

John Henry Myers died October 15, 1908 at his home in Gridley California. He was born January 28, 1829 in Delaware County, Ohio. In 1843, with his father's family, he removed to Daviess county, Missouri, then the western frontier. February 1, 1855 he was married to Miss Nancy T. Kinkade, also a native of Delaware county, Ohio and the following year, 1856, they crossed the plains to California, locating at Quincy, Plumas county. In 1859 he removed to the vicinity of Gridley and located about ten miles northwest of town at the base of the Sutter Buttes, where he engaged profitably in stock raising and grain farming. Ultimately the homestead embraced two sections of improved land. Two sons survive, James Myers and John C. Myers. Nancy Kinkade Myers died January 3, 1893.

SPELLINGS OF THE CLAN NAME

From "Our Book" by Ian. F. Dixon

Various spellings of the clan name:

Gaelic: Ceann-cead, Ceann-chead, Ceann-cadha, Cincait

Official British: Kincaid

Scotch, Irish, English and American variations: Kyncade, Kyncaid, Kencaid, Kincaith, Kinced, Kincade, Kinkaid, Kinkaid, Kincade.

THE KINCAID CLAN

By Grace Kincaid Morey

Oddly, we Kincaids are among the last of the clans to look up our history and origin; and it is indeed an unusual one. It goes back to a colony which, disgusted with the same surface religion which we now have, left a doomed continent in the Atlantic Ocean, called Atlantis, and went to the British Isles. Our branch settled in Ireland. The Romans called them the "Anti-Gatti", or ancient race; for there was never a time when men were not to be found on those islands. The religion they established was that of nature and science, the modern remains of which we call today, Masonry. Their temples were of uncut stones, in circular form.

By B.C. 1800 colonies began arriving in the Isles from the East: the tribe of Dan, the Hittites, Philistines and Phoenicians, and Milesians, Scots and Picts. Then arrived the prophet Jeremiah, with the Princess Scota, the royal coronation stone, and the regalia of Israel.

Our race intermarried with all, but especially with this Jewish Princess's line. Her name was Scota, and her husband's name was Sochaid. From them came down the Royal line of David of Scotland. Ireland was the learning for 500 years under the restored law, the teachings of Jeremiah. But he died, so did the Princess. The colleges fell into evil ways; pagan religions swarmed up from the southern countries; we were overthrown. The Milesian princes usurped the throne of Tara. Our name must have started from Cerora-Cinnceadh, King of Ulster, B.C. 400, the last descendant of the Princess to defend the Jeremiah teaching of the "Rock".

By the end of the first century A.D. we find a Cerora-Cinnceadh leading a rebellion, and with his army dethroning the Milesian line and murdering the princes. He was King of Ireland for ten years. Dying, his son Lorn refused to go on with the line, and accepted Christianity. We see by Sir Walter Scott's account that the Anti-Gatti (our ancient race) left our Irish home and settled in Scotland, in the center between Loch Lomond and the Clyde River, a place of quiet streams--"Lochnax" in Gaelic. Here today we find our old line still there, but dispossessed of their lands, living in cottages or in rented property in Campsie and Lennox town.

Fergus Mor with his Dalriad Scot Colony, A.D. 500, had followed us over to Scotland. Away north, on the Isle of Iona, St. Columbkille the early missionary, a Mason preacher, had retired and was building churches all over the isles. Columbkille had carried with him from Ireland to Iona, the precious race Coronation Stone brought by Jeremiah, and here he crowned Fergus Mor. Peter Kenneth McAlpine was crowned upon it at Scots, Scotland. The stone is now in Westminster Abbey. Edward I. robbed us of it and the regalia.

We were in all the wars; often driven back behind the second Roman wall, fighting like wild beasts to regain our freedom and the old pure Masonic religion.

Our David (Kincaid) I, of Scotland, gave charters to lodges and churches together, the lodges being the colleges of instruction. There are so many country homes and castles

it is hard to separate them. David gave his sons castles and his daughters the land. Woodheid, now Lennox Castle, comes from David's third son, the Earl of Huntingdon. It passed out by marriage to the Stuart line.

By the year A.D. 1000, we must have had 28 castles, Dumbarton being the center, and Campsie Village the territorial center. In fact, we were a small nation. Our king was called the Duke of Lennox, who lived from A.D. 1100 in the old Woodheid Castle. Near this was the old Fynecade Tower, consisting of four towers and a central dungeon. This is now all gone except the remains of the foundations. On it was built the Kincaid Manor House. This was the seat of Sir Alexander Kincaid, an estate of 30,000 acres granted him for the defense of the Hill of Edinburgh Castle against the English.

When old Lennox, the last of the Earls, was beheaded at the age of 80 by James the First, with his sons, heirs, etc., (for some secret reason yet to be made known) there were left three daughters and one son who escaped--Donald, the son, to Ireland. There was also Isabelle, Duchess of Albany, his oldest daughter and heir, who escaped with a little son, James. She retired to a castle in Loch Lomond, gathering about her all her kin and lived 30 years after her father's death. I say, old Lennox died defending the old religion.

In the ego-long feud between the true heirs of the Lennox estates, and the usurpers of the Stuart line, these Stuart Kincaids, represented by an old maid who was then in charge of Lennox, hoping to settle the feud, built a family vault in the old cemetery, and gathered from all the hills and dells, the bones of 600 Kincaids who had fallen in battle, and had them placed with theirs in this vault. The door was then closed, and two gravestones of James, father and son, dated 1605 and 1640, placed in the door, and combined coat-of-arms.

Here is a mystery. Who are the Kincaids in Lennox Village? They have only 200 years' records, and know that all that land was once theirs. How came their lands in the estate of the Castle? Much bitter feeling exists between them and George Kincaid Patrick Lennox, the heir. They say that not one drop of Lennox blood flows in George's veins--that he descended from an illegitimate child of Charles, King of England, and a French mistress.

The Kincaids originally inhabited a parish in the southern part of Scotland. About 1610 King James of England confiscated more than half a million acres in the north of England. King James determined to settle these District colonies from England and Scotland. The lands were divided into portions of 2,000, 1,500 and 1,000 acres according to the capacity of the undertakers. The Order of Baronetage was instituted by King James, and this title was conferred in connection with these plantations. Each was received this dignity was forced to pay the Crown a sum sufficient to support 30 men for the space of three years to defend the settlement. Thus emigration from England and Scotland was encouraged and enforced by the Crown. It was at this time that our ancestors went from Scotland to Ireland. (By John Henry Kincaid, Marysville, Ohio)

(From a letter written by James Mayers to E.S. Kincaid Jr., in 1909): "As to our Irish origin, I quote the following from my mother's cousin, John Thompson Kincaid, an attorney 23 years old now living at Auburn, California: 'There is one peculiar characteristic by which our family may be traced in the line of kindred since the reign of King James of England, and that is the way the name is spelled: All who spell the name KINCAID are in our line of kin; those who spell it KINCAID or any other way with only one 'i' are of the Scotch line. On the difference in orthography there is a significant historical explanation. It is this:

"The Kincaids were at that time all Scots, one clan, inhabiting one parish (a division like our township). The Kins had trouble with his Scotch subjects. Many of them were rebellious and were suspected of disloyalty. Among such was a part of the Kincaid clan. Parliament passed an act of sequestration, which was in effect confiscating the property of those found to be disloyal, and as a mark of distinction their names were spelled Kinkaid and they were transferred to Ireland.' (This same lawyer told me that his grandfather James Kinkaid and Father were distinguished soldiers in the War of the Revolution. Relics of their uniforms and weapons were to be seen as treasures among the older set when J. B. Mayers

